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Title: A Young Dreamer

Author: Snake Eyes  
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When I was young I  
dreamt of adventure,  
For years I trained  
for hours at end but  
was never good at any  
skill, swords were  
never my thing... I  
almost gave up hope  
for myself, let all my  
dreams drift  
away...then, when  
walking along a  
mountains edge found  
a small hut in the  
far distance, with a  
small flicker of light  
gleaming through the  
window. I walked  
along towards the hut  
and opened the door.  
There was but a  
small wood fire,  
burning brightly in  
the middle of the  
room. Out of the  
corner of the room  
suddenly appeared a  
bearded, old man. The  
man did have no name  
to go by, He started to  
tell me a story, which  
enralveled me into his  
life, this was no  
ordernary man, we  
spoke for hours  
through the night and  
into the day, there  
were tales of dragons  
and ogres, witches and  
hags. The old man  
came to an end and  
asked me what I had  
done with my life, I  
replied "I have done  
nothing, I have no  
worth in my life,  
nothing to look  
forward too". He

thought this was an  
awful life to be  
living, and told me  
there was an  
alternative. "Magic" he  
exclaimed. From this  
Mysterius old man i  
learned the art of  
magic and embarked  
on a new life in  
Brittain...